

The Transcript.

DAILY—Issued every day except Sunday, at five o'clock.

WEEKLY—Issued every Sunday morning.

TRANSCRIPT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

FROM
TRANSCRIPT BUILDING, BOSTON STREET,
NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

Know not what record of past events me in the other world; but this I do know, that I never was so mean as to despise a man because he was poor, because he was ignorant, or because he was black.

—John A. Andrew.

SPECIAL TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Through being a member of the ASSOCIATED PRESS THE TRANSCRIPT has the exclusive facilities for this locality of the greatest American and foreign news gatherers.

The latest telegraphic dispatches from all parts of the world are received by THE TRANSCRIPT UP TO THE HOUR OF GOING TO PRESS.

Entered at the Post Office, North Adams, Mass., as second class mail matter.

WE HOLD THE WESTERN GATEWAY.

From the Seal of North Adams.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON MAR. 17, '97

The Advertisers in the TRANSCRIPT are the best business men in this community. Their advertisements are worth reading, and they are the firms with whom to trade most advantageously.

THE OBSERVANCE OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

This 17th of March, Irishmen the world over will celebrate St. Patrick's day. The observance will be both religious and secular, and others than members of the Roman Catholic church will do reverence to Ireland's patron saint. But the observance is peculiarly an Irish observance, and it affords the most conspicuous example of national identity, or personality, if we may so say, centred in one great character of the nation's history. St. Patrick will be remembered today as one of the great apostles of the early church, as one of its most self-sacrificing missionaries, as the greatest of all missionaries, perhaps, as Ireland is concerned, but today's celebration stands for even more than that. The day is the national day of Ireland, as well as an anniversary of the revered saint, and the observance of it is more, perhaps, the annual re-enacting and out pouring of the national spirit than it is a religious observance of a people so devoted to the sacred memory of the man who did so much for their spiritual awakening. But just as the church is inseparable from and part of the evolution of this, so is the religious element as represented by the reverence to St. Patrick, inseparable from and part of their annual national observance. The observance is partake of the dignity of church and state.

Besides those so associated in the observance the divine and natural trinity. Tradition, accepted history to many, says that the great saint used the trifoliate shamrock to illustrate the Godhead, the three in one. This beautiful simile gives Ireland the shamrock as a national emblem. The shamrock is as emblematic of Ireland as the harp, and a portrait of St. Patrick almost as emblematic as either. So out of this illustration of the divine three, from this great teacher came two parts of a threefold emblem for Ireland. Moore, Ireland's greatest and sweetest poet, who in a measure had the soul of the harp with its glory has said, has taken the shamrock and applied it to the characteristics of his countrymen as his country's God. Love, valor and wit it represents he sings: "Three God like friends." So today, when we observe an Irishman celebrate, we observe him in a spirit of his love for his country and culture, and their inspiring traditions and history; we observe him show the spirit of his valor, which makes him a rebel against his nation's thralldom and which has carried him conqueror on many a field; and we also observe the nativity in a spontaneity of his wit that makes him a successful in a land and gives him his cheerfulness and bone in a city and in his bittersweet refection at home.

St. Patrick's Day is a day of dualism of church and country, and of national and racial trinities.

THE PATRICK'S DAY AFFIRMING PLAN.

Another bomb exploded in the rear of the legal wire-pullers when the TRANSCRIPT last evening published the very "secret" proceedings of a bar meeting which frustrated the "strengthening" scheme of the sly legal manipulators. They did not publish those proceedings in their own organ. Why not? Simply because their plan failed completely. That is why they wanted such profound secrecy. They left the need of secrecy, silence and profound long-some thought after Monday's bar meeting as they have seldom before harbored for so secretly in all their lives. They would have preferred that the last bar meeting should remain a profound secret forevermore.

The poor bailed legal schemers. We are sorry for them. They are very mad again and very much bailed. They deserve some pity at the judgement bar of this community, for whom the gods would destroy them first mad, and perhaps the legal manipulators would not so repeatedly set themselves up to get knocked down, if they were less mad and more rational.

"Re affirmation" may now rest in the same grave with the snap bar meeting and other dead schemes of the legal wire pullers. RESTRICTIVE TAXES.

Of course the Supreme court should continue to sit at Pittsfield. There was a large attendance of the members of the Berkshire bar at the court house Tuesday to protest against the proposed bill to abolish the sittings of the supreme judicial court in Berkshire. Ex-Senator Davis presided. Those who could not be present sent letters showing their entire heartiness in the movement against the change.

It is argued that the expense of the supreme court is small compared with the cost of bringing witnesses to Pittsfield when jury cases are to be heard, and the expenses of attorneys to argue cases before the full bench on law questions. Ex-Congressman John C. Croxby and Mr. Willcox were appointed a committee to go to Boston to speak in behalf of the Berkshire bar against the change proposed.

The two men left Tuesday evening and will be present at the hearing today.

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THE EDITOR AND THE PRIZE FIGHT.

What should an editor do about prize-fighting news? He knows that it is not enough for his readers to read of roughs and their glory, or "upper cuts" and "hook blows" and "ris' roasters" and all the indecent details of a "fight to a finish." He doesn't approve, perhaps, of prize-fighting. He would be ashamed indeed to be at the prize-fight. He will inveigh against the brutality of prize-fighting in his editorial columns, and mean all he says, too. But, when the day of the big prize fight comes, he publishes the prize fight news with all the gusto of sex-hounds and big type. He is eager for the latest news and every word of it he can get.

Well, of course he does this, dear reader, and the reason why he does it is because nine-tenths of his readers demand it. Be honest now. No matter who you are, deacon or unregenerate, don't you want to know how Corlett and Fitzsimmons are getting on out at Carson today? Under your frown of disapproval, isn't there an itching curiosity for the result? Don't you know that you are guilty of prize-fight curiosity? Well you are, probably, just as we are, and like us, are ashamed to acknowledge it. The only difference is that the editor has to come out and print it, while you can buy one of his papers with a severe and domineering look, and get out of sight before you plunge into its news. Few indeed are the men in this country today who would not like at least a word of news from Carson. There are a few exceptions. Perhaps you are one, but i you are, you are an exception.

It is not nice to be an editor at times, especially prize-fight times. The editor has to submit to a much very just criti-

ism, and yet knows that it comes from plastral ones no better than himself who would be disappointed enough if he did not give them the "inside" news. If the editor did not do this, they would likely enough call his newspaper off up by telephone, congratulating him on the high moral stand he had taken, and wish by saying incidentally: "By the way, you don't know how that brutal affair turned out today, do you?"

The editor on prize-fight and hanging days is like that gentleman who found himself between the devil and the deep sea—both ways hard. But if the public did not demand prize fight news, it would not get it. And Dr. Bassett says the public must reform itself, before the news papers can do so.

The TRANSCRIPT today, however, has given its readers a chance to avoid all fight news by getting out its first regular edition with none of that news in it.

A COMMENDABLE AMBITION.

The members of the Young Men's Christian Association of North Adams are seriously discussing ways and means for building and equipping a gymnasium in connection with the Y. M. C. A. building at the corner of Morris and Summer streets.

This is an ambitious plan but one to be heartily commended and its success hoped for.

North Adams sorely needs a gymnasium where men and youth can go, find healthful exercise under the guidance of a proper instructor, and have all the fun and all the benefit of various kinds of exercise and baths.

Plans are not yet fully matured, but it is hoped to put up a substantial brick-building in the rear of the present Y. M. C. A. building and equip it with all the furnishings from a pair of dumb-bells to a bowing alley. If the Y. M. C. A. people can accomplish this, they will have done North Adams a great service, and will have made the most practical move yet undertaken for reaching all classes of young men and bringing them under better influences. The plan is an excellent one.

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POST OFFICE SERVICE

WELSHMEN MEET

They Celebrate St. David's Day and Turn in Thought to Their Home Land.

BANQUET AND FEAST OF REASON

A Happy and Successful Celebration at the Wilson. What the Speakers Said. Music and Dancing Enjoyed.

SONG FEAST TO WELSHMEN.

Lo the glad song is inviting,
Beauty from her country's making
Forth to battle, men of Harlech!
O'erward goes the way,
Pomona brightly gleaming,
To see her mighty train,
Nest of danger gleaming,
One whose star points the way,
Where the sun of freedom's shining,
Forth to battle, men of Harlech!

There ye will dear me no minning,
Nature's own, and leaving four cities
Where the tide of war is raging,
Other heresies way,
The glad song and clanging
From the heart of Wales,
To the strife embaying,
Lestom in the battle fire,
Where the sun of freedom's shining,
There must be the men of Harlech!
Forth in the day.

Such people have this! But night
The Irish folk have their St. Patrick's day,
The Frenchmen, Garry, Ireland, New
Years, and the Welshmen, he it is who
celebrates St. David and his day, and
while always breathing true and loyal
American sentiments, yet wanders back
on this occasion to the home land among
the hills of Wales, and tenderly recalls its
history and its hoisted connections.

And so, Tuesday evening the hats and
parades of the Wilson house were crowded
with Welsh people of this community, all
happily, gaily and proud that further
Welsh blood, and all permeated with the
tender sentiments that come of the
love of home, though it be far across
seas.

At 8 o'clock about 175 people sat down
to the tables, nicely set and spread in
Wilson hall. The scene promptly
demanded attention and was worthy of it.
Lord Swift was on his best behavior
and doing his best cooking for this occasion
and the result shows in the

Menu.

Beefsteak to dinner.
Hot Pot.
Roast Beef, Lettuce, Cabbage, Mashed Potatoes,
Cauliflower, Roast Lamb, Cucumber Peppers,
Roast Ham, Scalloped Potatoes, Roast Cabbage,
Mashed Potatoes, Assorted Cakes.
Candied Figs, Currants, Cherries,
Oranges, Pineapple, Apples.
Tea, Coffee, Wine.

Shortly after 8 o'clock the menu had
been finished, the tables promptly cleared
of plates and seats, and the program of
the evening was in order. The audience
had repaired to the gallery on side seats
of the banquet hall. The literary program
was begun with the singing of "March of
the Men of Harlech" by the entire company
and the singing of "America" by the whole
club, the program was concluded, the hour being 10 o'clock. The audience
adjourned to the parlors while the hall
was being cleared for dancing, and a good
time had in chat and renewals of acquaint-
ance. Dancing shortly began, and the young people kept up their mirth to
the time of sweet music till an early hour
this morning. Many of the older people
left at the conclusion of the literary pro-
gram.

The occasion was certainly a most en-
joyable one and well managed. Much

credit is due to the committee of ar-
rangements, composed of H. R. Bauer, chair-
man, Herbert H. Lewis, secretary and
treasurer, John Owens, Edward Hughes,
William Lewis, John Hughes, to Floor
Manager William Lewis; to the aids, Ambrose Powel, Fred Thomas, John Phillips,
Howard A. Lewis.

The Schubert orchestra played finely
and delighted all present. Miss Grace
Davis, an piano accompanist, deserves a
word of praise also.

Indeed may the Welsh people of North
Adams and vicinity congratulate them-
selves on the happy way in which they
celebrated St. David's day of 1897.

tered its spirit and adapted themselves to
its institutions. He spoke of Roger Wil-
liams as being a Welshman and his early
service to America; so many Welshmen
had ranked high in America; Americans
feel that their land is the best and always
so claim. Mr. Hughes told several good
stories to illustrate American's self esteem
that brought down the house (after
while). He said one thing that many
would not agree with—that English pat-
riots were greater than American because
England so well protected her sub-
jects the world over. (American patriots
is not less because the American
government fails sometimes to do its duty.) Mr. Hughes paid a glowing tribute
to the new administration, and again
there was only applause—no Democrats
seemed to be present.

Dr. S. L. Lloyd then toasted the ladies.
He said he was not prepared to do so, and
so would "just say something" although
he would love to "tease the girls" better
than to do anything else that he knew
about. Well, he did say "something" for
about 20 minutes, keeping the audience in
an uproar much of the time with his
stories, experiences with Welshmen and
his good humor. He earnestly asked the
Welshmen hereabouts to organize, keep
together, hold annual banquets, and the
organization would gain influence and
strength with the years. He told how his
father had been one of the handful to help
organize the great Utica Welsh society
and how that society had grown. Type
can't tell the doctor's stories nor give his
gestures, but he was the fun-maker of the
evening, and no one will dispute it who
was there.

After John Chapman had sung "Wales
is My Home" in a way to catch the audience,
then John Owen sang "Rolling
Home to Merry England." Every one
enjoyed this, for Mr. Owen put heart into
the song and tune, pronounced his words
distinctly and although his voice was
not what it once had been, the spirit of the
song lost nothing.

After John Phillips had sung "The
Maiden of Llanllon," the orchestra
played and Maurice Phillips had sung
"The Knight of the Main," C. T. Ralston
trailed "The Press." He said it was a
day of changes and new ideas. Old ideals
were being broken. It was good to dispel
old and wrong ideas. He illustrated this
by saying that when a child he had
learned of "Taffy was a Welshman,"

"Taffy was a thief" and continued to be-
lieve all Welshmen were thieves, till his
mother had told him of beauti-
ful Wales, "the land of the white gloves";
where jobs were empty and justices had
nothing to do. He then showed how the
press was aiding in dispelling wrong ideas
and bringing advancement. With re-
spect to "yellow" journalism, and a wish
for America's ever advancing greatness,
Mr. Ralston closed a very neat and well
conceived speech.

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whole club, the program was concluded,
the hour being 10 o'clock. The audience
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demanded attention and was worthy of it.
Lord Swift was on his best behavior
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Tea, Coffee, Wine.

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Nature's own, and leaving four cities
Where the tide of war is raging,
Other heresies way,
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From the heart of Wales,
To the strife embaying,
Lestom in the battle fire,
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while always breathing true and loyal
American sentiments, yet wanders back
on this occasion to the home land among
the hills of Wales, and tenderly recalls its
history and its hoisted connections.

And so, Tuesday evening the hats and
parades of the Wilson house were crowded
with Welsh people of this community, all
happily, gaily and proud that further
Welsh blood, and all permeated with the
tender sentiments that come of the
love of home, though it be far across
seas.

At 8 o'clock about 175 people sat down
to the tables, nicely set and spread in
Wilson hall. The scene promptly
demanded attention and was worthy of it.
Lord Swift was on his best behavior
and doing his best cooking for this occasion
and the result shows in the

menu.

Beefsteak to dinner.
Hot Pot.

Roast Beef, Lettuce, Cabbage, Mashed Potatoes,
Cauliflower, Roast Lamb, Cucumber Peppers,
Roast Ham, Scalloped Potatoes, Roast Cabbage,
Mashed Potatoes, Assorted Cakes.

Candied Figs, Currants, Cherries,
Oranges, Pineapple, Apples.

Tea, Coffee, Wine.

There ye will dear me no minning,
Nature's own, and leaving four cities
Where the tide of war is raging,
Other heresies way,
The glad song and clanging
From the heart of Wales,
To the strife embaying,
Lestom in the battle fire,
Where the sun of freedom's shining,
There must be the men of Harlech!
Forth in the day.

Such people have this! But night
The Irish folk have their St. Patrick's day,
The Frenchmen, Garry, Ireland, New
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BICYCLE MATTERS

The Association Pilgrims to Open the Season With a Reception.

Club Will Probably Adopt a Uniform. A Storeroom for Wheels. Semi-Annual Election in April. Interesting Bicycle Gossip.

Nothing of any consequence was done at the meeting of the Association Pilgrims Tuesday evening, but as the wheeling season draws near interest in the subject increases and the prospects are that the season will be a very successful one.

The riding season will be opened April 2 by the Association Pilgrims, who will hold a reception in the Y. M. C. A. building, to which all local wheelmen will be invited. An entertainment will be given and refreshments will be served. A pleasant time will be had.

The members of the club are already busy with several matters pertaining to the coming wheeling season. The subject of a uniform is being discussed and